
Title: Across the Veil

Author: Queen Maab

As faintly as the
echos of the wind, the
whispers of the lost
called out to me across
time and space,
reaching my inner
sanctum. The laments
of troubled souls
calling to the one they
once called their
Goddess. Peering
deeply into the
crystals, I looked upon
this land of sosaria,
and realized with
great distress that
these mortals had
forgotten the old
ways. Beset by greed,
and self serving
intrests, they had cast
the old gods aside, as
well as the higher
virtues, in favor of
gold and personal
power. I recall an
unholy roar escaping
my lips as I looked
upon this, enraged I
gathered my powers
unto me and crossed
the dimensional
boundries into this
world of those who
would forget.
Forming flesh upon
my arival, I sought a
place to rebuild my
strength. A place of
many woodlands,
where the veil to my
realm would be at its
thinnest. Alas this
place I did find, the
mortals call this place
Yew, city of justice.
How aproprate that it
is in the name of

justice that I have
come to this place,
Justice for the old
ways, Justice for we
the old Gods. So
within Yew I slowly
build my power,
walknig amongst the
mortals as one of
them. Soon shall they
realize that which
travels beside them,
soon, they shall
remember the power
of the old ways, and
tremble in its wake. I
have found a few
worthy of sparing, old
mages of power and
wisdom. One
commonly refered to
as the Town Drunk of
Yew, and Sandoz, both
men of wisdom, and
foresight. These two
shall I spare. For
truly do thier hearts
beat in rythm to the
callings of the fae. I
have forseen great
deeds from these two
worldly men of age.
Alas my vision shall
be upon them, guiding
them towards the
greatness before
them. I caution those
who would read this
volume, consider well
your mortality before
challenging those who
would follow the
ways of old, lest the
powers of the ancient
ways turn against
thee, and end your
pathetic mortality.